

De La Soul Lyrics

"Days Of Our Lives"

(feat. Common)

[Common]

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh

[Chorus: De La (Common)]

[Dave] Yo how the days of your life go Com? (I'm just tryin to be)

[Pos] That's it? (Stayin focused so my mind is free)

[Dave] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

[Dave] If tomorrow come now (it might be too soon)

[Pos] Too soon?

[Common]

I want the boom in the back of the truck

Ain't nuttin the matter with a good dude havin a buck

With that on my mind, I'm on the grind, it pays

We break it down in these three ways, yo

These days, I travel the Maze like Frank Beverly

To the East, lookin for pieces of a better me

Responsibility of my man's felony fell on me

Celebrity status, make 'em think I got celery

Hell and I do sometimes, still the sunshine ain't even all day

(Yeah) The life of a baller, ain't even all play

I stack 'em, so the chips fall where they must

I ain't far from a Benz, or dude on the bus

Even when I don't have enough, still in God I trust

Said baby you're a star

Said I'm on the car, seen the jiggiest of stars

become dust, and one love become lust for the papers

Had you gassed now that - gas became vapors

Tricked your cash on ice; shoulda had acres

Now your, empire fell like the Lakers

So you're talkin to your maker

It's the nature of the business, they givin niggaz inches

Takin miles and mules, it's the wildest rules

I'm tryin to walk in the black scent of proudest shoes

Makin music that the crowds can use

[Chorus: Pos, Com (Dave)]

[Dave] Yo how the days of your life go Dave? (With sunshine and shade)

[Com] That's it? (Tinted window grades and Kool-Aid)

[DeLa] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

[DeLa] If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)

[Pos] Too soon?

[Dave]

I want twenty-four plus on these

Put the pinto engine and the bus on these
I get that first class seat to escape the days
We break it down in these three ways

Check the life I got that antidote, canteloupe scent, bent back
in the sunroom froze, put your flick on pause (and pop a cork)
There's no occasion nigga it's just because
I'm celebratin for a hell of a day
Get these barbie filets on hot charcoal tracks, so black
Darko Pecoltrane plays them back
We them freedom fight kids who gon' ball and raise fists
If y'all down for the struggle, c'mon y'all, resist
Everyday script, I exercise cheek
Sixteen on the bar, I exercise speak (ha)
It's been a long time, Long Isle's on the map
While y'all stand on the corner, stoned like Chris [?]
Kiss back, watchin time - wrist back
Every second count but just finish this lap
You gamble on your life like casino slots
and cash out and still walk with a knot

[Chorus: Com, Dave (Pos)]

[Com] Yo how the days of your life goes Merce? (Man I'm just holdin my head)

[Dave] That's it? (Shit, I'm also tryin to hold this bread)

[DeLa] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

[DeLa] If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)

[Dave] Too soon?

[Posdonus]

I furnished the rooms, and mortgage on these
See them quittin ass rappers caused a shortage on these
The soul boys of big illa-noyz get the praise
We break it down in these three ways

My moms died from secondhand smoke; so I wish yo' ass would die
from them secondhand rhymes you wrote
Or shall I call them second rhymes - written seconds 'fore you enter the booth
Words thrown together with very little truth
And a select few can do it (true) you ain't part of them scriptures
And got the nerve to feel you want me out the picture
But I was never in it, I'm the frame around the flick
Or dishin in the mouth of your dame around my dick
Ladies and gentlemen, introducin Workmatic
One of L.I.'s finest, and this is "MY LIFE"
Which is filled with bad minutes and good hours
and, good months and bad years and with my peers
we struggle to juggle the shit
Family life and the music game don't easily fit
My lady wants me home, sayin rap tour three rap whores
and scores of scandal, even more than we can handle
Sometimes, the rhymes I say
Is the fly the currency to save the day
Can't turn it away, cause we out

to find presennce way beyond our measure, so baby don't pout

[Common]

Don't pout, De La Soul now turn it out

Don't pout, Common Sense'll turn it out

Don't pout..